

## The Prairie Light Review

---

Volume 2

Number 0 *A sampling of last year's Prairie Light*

Article 14

*Review selections (printed as Vol. 2, no. 1/2)*

---

Fall 11-19-1982

# Untitled

Joan Bingham

*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Bingham, Joan (1982) "Untitled," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 2 : No. 0 , Article 14.

Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol2/iss0/14>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@COD. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@COD. For more information, please contact [orenick@cod.edu](mailto:orenick@cod.edu).

## The Achievement of Love

Bingham: Untitled

Begin with people, laugh, dance, music in the air.  
 Eyes upon eyes, ears upon ears, and feet upon feet.  
 Minds intertwine, hearts mingle, souls collide.  
 Talk arouses, feelings excite, hands touch.  
 Life begins, activity increases, joy mounts.  
 Days upon days go by, the rain becomes the sun,  
 the weeds into flowers, and like into love.  
 End with people, laugh, dance, music in the air.  
 Two bodies into one soul,  
 The spirit of love upon love, joy upon joy,  
 and beauty upon beauty.  
 And again it begins, a new beginning at each dawn  
 of a new sun.

The love becomes the circle, the joy into the high,  
 and the beauty into the ecstasy.

freebird

Deborah Thomas

## ONCE CONDUCTOR

Frank, the craggy skin-stretched skull  
 who is all arms, brain veins,  
 and a bundle of ageless nerves.  
 A portrait of mine own,  
 most eccentriclike.  
 The conductor, in 50 years, I will be.  
 Timing every anthem,  
 checking off every item  
 on the master rehearsal plan  
 as the symphonic chorale of 6  
 wonders.

"All right, now, people, you see, watch  
 me, up here, you see, for the phrasing and  
 don't taper off . . ."

The flail with a powerful  
 full handed tremolo  
 and the necessary delusions to proceed.

And still rasping,  
 50 years from now,  
 at the 4 altos, 1 bass  
 and one experimenter,  
 and a young eye and ear at the keyboard.  
 I will be free, you see, to proceed.  
 And not taper off.

Lee Kesselman

## Haiku In 4/4.

Seventeen syllables.  
 Can I say anything worthwhile?  
 I doubt it.

Staccato profundity  
 Or spastic pretension?  
 Who gives a damn?

Let's give it a shot.  
 Try to fill up the void.  
 I'm ready if you are.

"The girl smiled and handed me a weasel sandwich.

"Haiku."

"You're welcome."

by Tammy Wyenott

## Frigidare

I opened your door with tenderness  
 Pulled at it with style  
 Anticipating all the while  
 To find within your hold  
 The fruits for which my labor's sold  
 Soothing wine to quench my thirst  
 Food for which my hunger cursed  
 Light to guide my hand within  
 Power to let my life begin  
 The feast I sought  
 The one I miss  
 Only to find cold dark emptiness

Scott Barnard

Greek Gods — Roman ones too  
 Mythological creatures encompass you  
 Startled from perception  
 Agony will flee  
 Danced with confusion  
 Of how you are thee  
 Triggers the force within  
 Captures the moment you can win  
 Dare say you not believe  
 Seek truth and perceive  
 Know thine own self true  
 Be as those who made you

Joan Bingham

## SCIENTIFIC CHALLENGE

Sing praise to the power of coffee!  
 That oh-so-refreshing drink,  
 That clears early morning cobwebs,  
 Enabling the mind to think.

Were it not for this wonderful beverage  
 How tired, how droopy I'd be.  
 It gives a dependable leverage  
 'Gainst the sluggishness plaguing me.

A daily excuse for a work-break,  
 and the donuts we all consume  
 This medium for friendship and gossip  
 adds warm fragrance to any room.

So, sing out the glories of coffee!  
 Let your pancreas do what it may —  
 There's no better swill, say what you will  
 to help me through the day.

Judy Hess

O men of science, please find a placebo,  
 Sedation for an overworked libido,  
 A wonder drug to heal a wounded ego,  
 Dream up an unrequited — love injection,  
 A cue not a cold but cold rejection,  
 An antidote against man's non-affection,  
 Forget the smearproof lipsticks, smoothing lotions.  
 Invent, instead some good face-saving potions,  
 Unguents and oils to smooth disturbed emotions.

Come, boys, concoct a cooling balm  
 To guarantee platonic calm,  
 A numbing shot of anesthesia  
 To offset masculine amnesia,  
 Vaccines that might inoculate us  
 Against the male who would deflate us.  
 To counteract a potent lack  
 . . . and anti-aphrodisiac.

Get with it, friends, and give us, for a start  
 A tranquilizer for the troubled heart.'

Kathy Schmidt